# Call Back

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# Call Back

by WordsAblaze

Summary

> “You killed them because of their blood and you took souvenirs with you.”
>
> The man—the murderer—grins at him, wide enough to reveal his teeth. “Nobody cares enough. Neither the students, nor the agents. But I care. I’ll care about you.”
>
> “About… my blood, you mean,” Will challenges, only half-aware how bad of an idea that is.
>
> The man leans impossibly closer, and nods. “It’s already so beautiful.”

Notes

> didn't have time to form a plot so let's focus on vibes !
>
> day 2 prompts used: "they don't care about you"

See the end of the work for more notes

Will wakes up in his shed.

He blinks, once, twice, thrice, and frowns when he finds no memories of making his way there.

He goes to rub his eyes, assuming this must be another nightmare, and finds the movement aborted by rope. Alarmed, he wriggles and twists, concluding that his wrists have been tied together behind him, his arms looped around one of the structural beams. With a groan, he lets his head fall back against the wood.

“Ah, you’re awake.”

Will doesn’t flinch, but it’s a near thing.

“Do you recognise me?”

“Should I?” Will replies, and knows that was the wrong answer when a figure emerges from the shadows and almost childishly stomps on his outstretched ankle. He cries out, instinctively pulling his legs in towards himself and breathing slowly past the immediate throbbing burn now running up his left leg.

The intensity of the burning tells him he should probably be a little more wary than he currently is; he’s aware how strong and motivated someone needs to be to cause pain so easily. “Sorry,” he offers, only a little breathless.

The unfamiliar stranger abandons the shadows entirely and crouches beside him, breathing uncomfortably close to Will's face. “Are you?” he asks slowly, his voice a hushed snarl.

Forcing himself to remain still, Will swallows. “I—My head is… fuzzy. I’m sorry if my memory seems to be… failing me here.”

The stranger laughs, and, while Will tries to recall where he’s heard that laugh before—and he *has* heard it, he knows that much now—a hand roughly turns his head to the right. His neck clicks, and he can’t stop himself wincing before he turns his attention to the stranger.

Disappointingly, he doesn’t recognise him. Dark brown hair frames either side of his vaguely square face, and equally dark eyes all but glare daggers at the lack of recognition in Will’s expression. “You really don’t recognise me.”

Will winces again as the man’s hand tightens around his jaw. “I’m sorry, I—”

“You don’t care about me.” The stranger sounds genuinely upset, and Will frantically combs through his memories for something, anything, that would help him recognise whoever has managed to get the best of him *on his own property.*

“I care,” Will manages, “but I can’t… I don’t remember much right now.”

The stranger doesn't seem to like the excuse and tightens his grip to the point where it becomes painful, and then tightens a little more. Will is certain this encounter will leave him with yet another set of bruises, but he forces himself to stay still.

Only when Will swears he can hear something in his jaw strain under the force of the stranger's grip does he finally lash out, yanking his head back and kicking out with as much strength as he can muster from such an awkward angle. It works, and the other man is thrown backwards with a surprised cry.

Will rolls his jaw softly, testing for any serious damage, and somehow forgets about his company until there's a fist to his stomach and another to his nose a moment later. He groans, spluttering unceremoniously as blood rushes over his lips and down his chin, his lungs struggling from the force of the blow against them.

The stranger grabs his jaw again, watching in satisfaction as Will coughs and gasps around the blood he can no longer redirect from his mouth. His hands tighten uselessly into fists behind him as he struggles, and the stranger makes sure to keep his body away from Will's legs this time, only letting go when Will chokes, giving him space to finally catch his breath; Will is just glad he hasn't angered the stranger enough to be wanted dead.

"They don't care about you either, you know."

It takes a moment for Will to catch up, still hauling in oxygen even as blood slides down his neck, under his clothes. "Wh—who?"

The man grins, clearly excited to have his attention. "Those FBI agents you keep trying to educate. And the ones you work with. They never learn, they never *care* about what you're saying."

"But—" Will spits more blood away from his mouth, "—you do?"

"I wouldn't be here if I didn't," the man says petulantly.

Will lets his eyes slip shut for a brief moment. "You… followed me home after my lecture." When he re-opens his eyes, the stranger, who must be one of his students, is staring at him in something close to wonder. "I know you," Will continues, "you asked me about… about the blood splatter."

The other man nods eagerly, and Will almost laughs at how rapidly the mood has shifted between them. "You could see there was something wrong with the analysis. I—I *do* remember. I thought it was a great question because you were right."

The man grins widely, then disappears, only to reappear with a handkerchief in his grasp, pinching the bridge of Will's nose and using his other hand to tilt his head backwards. Will lets himself be manhandled, grateful to stop worrying about choking on his own nosebleed, and neither of them say anything further until the bleeding stops.

Will clears his throat when the FBI agent pockets the handkerchief—he pointedly doesn't entertain the unwarranted and inexplicable thought that Hannibal would definitely have made

the action seem less unsettling—and exhales slowly. “So, what is it you couldn’t discuss in the classroom?”

The man chews on his lower lip for a moment. “You promise you’ll answer?”

Physically swallowing the ill-timed urge to laugh at the man’s childishness, Will nods. “I, uh, I promise.”

The man leans in close, so close that Will instinctively throws his head back, wincing when he hits the beam behind him. He curses inwardly when the other man’s response to this is to snake a hand behind his head, ostensibly just to protect him from any more injury; he can’t *quite* ignore the way fingers curl somewhat possessively into his hair, though.

“Were you teaching us about that case just to spite the FBI?” the man asks quietly, nervously.

Will exhales slowly, holding himself as still as possible. “What makes you think that?”

His so-called student grins as though the two of them are trading secrets at a sleepover. “The way you criticised the forensic conclusion. We both know there was more to that murder.”

For the first time in this whole bizarre situation, a chill runs through Will’s bones. The pendulum swings before he can help it, and he’s abruptly thrown back into the photos of the victims, the photos zoomed specifically in on their dishevelled hair. Will’s eyes widen in tandem with the not-so-stranger, his own in surprise and the other man’s in awe.

“Do you recognise me now?” the man asks, glee dripping from his words, and Will is all too conscious of how easy it would be for him to reveal a concealed blade and slit his throat.

“You’re the missing blood,” Will murmurs, “you killed them because of their blood and you took souvenirs with you.”

The man—the murderer—grins at him, wide enough to reveal his teeth. “Nobody cares enough. Neither the students, nor the agents. But I care. I’ll care about you.”

“About… my blood, you mean,” Will challenges, only half-aware how bad of an idea that is.

The man leans impossibly closer, and nods. “It’s already so beautiful.”

Will has to bite back the urge to, once again, comment on how the words that seem so unsettling from this man’s mouth would probably sound comforting if they’d come from Hannibal. But they haven’t, and Will still has a shred of self-preservation, so he stays quiet.

The other man twists Will’s curls between his fingers, his gaze travelling to his own hands to appreciate the sensation, and Will closes his eyes, refusing to indulge in this game any longer when his head is pounding for more than one reason; if he *is* going to die in his very own shed, he refuses to facilitate it in any way whatsoever.

“No, no, look at me,” his student practically whines when he eventually notices he’s lost Will’s interest. “I need to see you. I need *you* to see—”

“I *saw* you,” Will interrupts, because he seems to have lost that one shred of self-preservation, “and now I’m choosing *not* to see you. How does that make you feel?”

A pause.

“I believe that should have been *my* line.”

Will’s eyes fly open at the third voice.

The hand in his hair tightens its grip as his student hisses in frustration, whirling to see Hannibal towering above him. It’s the last thing he ever sees.

Will’s eyes follow the spray of arterial blood, and he thinks shock must be setting in because the only thing that comes out of his mouth is: “You couldn’t have aimed that away from my worktop?”

“I apologise, Will, for the lack of foresight on my part. If it helps, I can lend you some excellent cleaning supplies that will have the stains out before they settle.”

Laughing incredulously, Will leans his head back against the wooden beam and meets Hannibal’s curious gaze. “How did you know to be here?”

“You missed your appointment,” Hannibal answers simply, as if it’s normal protocol to drive an hour to a patient’s house and commit murder for them when they miss a therapy session. Though, Will thinks, *Hannibal* and *normal* have a very strained relationship, so he shouldn’t be all too surprised.

“Surely there’s an exceptional circumstances clause for having been… sort of kidnapped?” Will asks, now certain he must be in shock.

Hannibal carefully kneels beside him, pulling his legs away from where they’re tucked stiffly into his chest and gently rolling his ankle. “It’s not broken. A few days’ worth of bedrest wouldn’t hurt regardless.”

Will laughs again, not even entirely sure why. “I don’t—I’m sorry, I—”

“Hush, Will,” Hannibal murmurs, lifting a hand to rest it against Will’s cheek, gently brushing his thumb over what must be a concerning bruise. “Just let me take care of you.”

“He said… he said you didn’t. Care, that is. He—”

“Was wrong,” Hannibal interrupts, but not rudely. Never rudely.

“Okay,” Will whispers, suddenly desperate to get out of the ropes keeping him in place and the blood-stained clothes he knows he’ll never wear again. “And you’ll…?”

Hannibal doesn’t mind when he trails off, or when his eyes flutter closed again. He doesn’t even mind when Will leans his head more heavily into his hand, his body seeking comfort before his brain can figure out how much he needs it.

“Yes,” Hannibal replies, and Will doesn’t know what he means, but he doesn’t doubt it.

End Notes

lowkey made the student sound like some kind of pseudo-vampire oops,,,

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